

THE JOURNAL.
W. R. HEARST.
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1908.
Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter.
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THE WEATHER.
Official forecasts for today indicate that it will be fair and colder. Northwestern winds.

If Platt did not select Commissioner Lyman, he inspected and approved him before appointment.

France asks to be excused while she slips out into the back yard and indulges in another crisis.

General McAlpin has hauled in his Vice-Presidential boom, and it was an operation which didn't require a vast amount of strength.

The Carlisle Presidential boom made the mistake of changing its fannels too soon. It has suffered a serious relapse and may not be able to get out again.

Those persons who have been so industriously engaged in resenting Senator Hill's interference in State politics may be very much disappointed when they ascertain that he has not been giving himself the least concern in that direction.

The American Salvation Army commander, Commissioner Frederick St. George de Latour Booth-Trucker, indicates his desire to "get right down at the foot of some good American and learn how to be a loyal, patriotic, Christian Yankee." With no desire to be personal, the first advice the good American will doubtless tender to the Evangelist will be to get a hair cut and pare his extraordinary name down to plain Mr. Trucker.

The business men of Baltimore and Philadelphia are discussing the efforts of the New York Produce Exchange to prevent the discrimination of freight rates against New York. Baltimore grain shippers wish to adhere to the differentiation of three cents a hundred in their favor, while Philadelphia shippers seek a larger share of the business. If there is a concert of action among the merchants of this city, the discrimination will be successful in maintaining the differential rate. Civic pride and mutual interests suggest that the Produce Exchange should have the united support of all commercial bodies in the city.

The proposition to prohibit trucks and wagons from using Fifth avenue for more than one block at a time will be met with the obvious criticism that it is class legislation in the interests of the rich. Nevertheless it is sensible. Carriages and pleasure vehicles are used by a large enough proportion of New York's people to justify setting aside one thoroughfare for their exclusive use. Chicago, which makes loud proclamation of its freedom from "aristocratic" tendencies, has many streets on which this limitation of traffic is enforced. To hedge about Fifth avenue with the legislative protections which guard Chicago's "boulevards" would make it possible to keep it smoothly paved and also hold it secure from street railway invasion—the latter an advantage not to be overlooked.

AN HISTORIC CONFERENCE.
Although Colonel Lyman, of Oswego, the State Excise Commissioner under the new law, was not the choice of that position, he has felt the need of consulting with Mr. Platt regarding the duties of his office.

It is not difficult to frame reasons why he should consult Mr. Platt. It has long been a custom in this State for office-holders to recognize probity and independence of character to get Mr. Platt's advice on the proper exercise of their probity and independence. It is a schoolboy's notion that a man ought to be able to steer his own convictions in an office whose duties are pretty clearly defined by the statute. But even the most exemplary citizens when made office-holders must conform to precedent, and precedent provides that even honesty must confer privately with Platt before unlimbering itself for action. It would have been very rash and entirely unprecedented for Colonel Lyman to have taken up his fiscal task with the foolish notion that he was entirely independent of an uncredited and unofficial source of wisdom. In fact, such a course would have been equivalent to the declaration that an officer of the State Government does not need the sympathy and good will of Platt, and the Republican party in New York is not prepared for any such revolutionary and anarchistic proceeding.

Colonel Lyman makes some superficial explanations. His office, he says, is fiscal. Undoubtedly, and Mr. Lyman would not take much interest in it. After two consultations the fiscal bulletin was issued, with the effect that "it is the duty of Platt and of Colonel Ly-

man that the new law shall be well and faithfully administered." Perhaps this wealthy conclusion of two master minds would not have been given to the world if they had not met and mingled.

General Weyer asks for more troops and Spain raises more money. Meanwhile Cuban freedom is a hopelessly progressing cause.

PRESIDENT LOW'S ARGUMENT.

When President Seth Low speaks on a question of civics most New Yorkers are ready to listen with interest and with respect.

That he appeared yesterday in the character of the leading opponent of the Greater New York bill stamps the opposition at once with the stamp of sincerity and conviction. Nevertheless the Journal cannot feel that his arguments in any degree justify his conclusion that consolidation of the cities on the lines proposed by this bill should be abandoned.

President Low professes himself eager for consolidation—but not now nor in this way. He is like the traditional politician who is always for retrenchment and reform—next year. His reasons for disapproving the plan now under consideration—a plan which, as he knows, was formulated and reached its present stage of advancement only in constant and imminent danger of complete defeat—he expresses as vaguely as the old rhyme does the objections to Dr. Fell. Before giving authority to the three municipalities to unite, every detail of the scheme of consolidation should, he thinks, be formulated and publicly set forth.

Nevertheless the analogy between the situation of the American colonies before the adoption of the Constitution, and the state of Brooklyn, New York and Long Island City to-day, upon which Mr. Low relies to support his contention, is misleading. The colonies were heterogeneous in population and in political and religious thought, racked by jealousies and factional antagonisms, widely diverse in commercial interests and ambitions. The bond which could unite Puritan Massachusetts with Cavalier Virginia must needs be carefully fabricated indeed.

No such problems confront the authorities who will be called upon to arrange the details of the consolidation of the scattered cities of Greater New York. No widespread antagonism to the end sought exists. There is practical unanimity of desire for its early accomplishment. If the obstacles which have been presented by Mr. Platt's Legislature be overcome—as they will be by acceptance of this bill—the further elaboration of the project will be easy.

President Low would find little difficulty in convincing the people that the Greater New York bill which Platt reluctantly permitted to pass is not the best possible measure for attaining the desired end. Yet he certainly failed to demonstrate that even under it successful and just consolidation would be impossible, improbable, or even seriously difficult. The people of New York and the surrounding cities, eager for the accomplishment of this great design, do not purpose entrusting it again to a Legislature of more than doubtful competence.

"Who in New York City wants this bill?" inquired Senator Ahearn, fiercely, when the "compromise" school measure came before the body which he honors with his statesmanlike activities. Could categorical answer be made to his query, the Senator would doubtless recognize the names of the supporters of the measure, and adopt Senator Grady's simple expedient of dismissing them as "votaries of fashion" and "aristocrats."

MODEL TENEMENT HOUSES.

Recent calamities in tenement houses accentuate the necessity for improvements. Of course, it is imperative that greater safety should be required of builders and owners. Death traps, such as the recent fires have exposed, are disgraceful to the city and dangerous to human life. But health, comfort and the possibility of cleanliness, which secures or promotes all other virtues, ought to be sought as well as safety from fire. The use of good materials, even, is not all that should be required of a builder of tenement houses.

Having this conception of the needs of the city, the Improved Housing Council, of which R. W. Gilder is chairman and W. Bayard Cutting is vice-chairman, have invited the architects to make plans for model apartment houses, to cover an entire city block, adapted to the conditions which prevail in New York. The specifications by which these houses are to be built require that 70 per cent only of the total area of land shall be occupied by the building. Thirty per cent must be allowed for light and air. There are other requirements—namely, that no wells, or light shafts, shall be used; that all apartments must have cross ventilation; that all corridors and staircases must be lighted at every floor by windows opening directly upon the outer air. These are the most important provisions for the health and comfort of the tenants of tenement houses. They can be appreciated best by the thousands of people in this city who suffer from lack of light and air in many of the better class of houses, not tenements, in the upper portion of the city. The attention that this committee,

composed of intelligent and public-spirited citizens, devote to this subject is commendable in them and advantageous to the city. Their efforts ought to have proper encouragement, for no doubt the model apartment houses they propose will be an object lesson for safety, comfort and health in tenement building in this city.

Hamilton Disston, the Pennsylvania saw manufacturer, is out for Quay. This will enable the Pennsylvania candidate to saw more wood and talk less than usual.

SENSATIONALISM IN LITERATURE.

In a letter to an evening paper on the subject of "Our Literary Outlook," Mr. J. Selwyn Tait, the publisher, touches upon the pregnant theme of "news-paper sensationalism"—a red rag to so many authors and publishers—and says:

The daily press throughout the country is so superabundant in its sensationalism that it leaves the ordinary reader—male and female—neither time nor inclination to take up fiction, unless it be of the kind which tends to further vitiation of the taste.

It seems to us that the so-called "sensationalism" of the daily press fills such a large place in the minds of the critical, the refined and other classes of philanthropists who go about trying to do good, that it blinds them to the fact that literary sensationalism is not by any means confined to the daily newspapers. In fact, it is not altogether unknown in the offices of some of the most distinguished and respectable publishing houses in America. For example, "Jude the Obscure" could be termed sensational without straying too far away from the truth, nor have the public been kept in the dark concerning its most salacious features. "Lady Clariissa" is another example of recent sensational fiction, and in certain works of the modern British epigrammatic school may be found situations and covert allusions which are worse than sensational, besides free discussion of "sex problems" taboed in the unregenerate daily press. Nor is the novelist, the only sinner; no newspaper ever printed so nauseating a mass of scandal as appeared in the widely heralded "Memoirs of Barras" last winter.

It is just as well for the reading public to keep in mind the fact that the "high, rare and racy" may be found occasionally on the counters of the most respectable book publishing houses, and that, too, of a kind that is never found in the columns of a daily newspaper. In the quietude of a present Democratic day one is forced to recall the bustle and the contending stir four years ago. Gorman was at the helm, and the White House fever. He had called on the favorite sons in all directions to stand forward. In Madison Avenue, Hill in New York, McPherson in New Jersey, Ferguson in Pennsylvania, and in Kentucky, Galt, in Indiana, Palmer in Illinois, Boies in Iowa, Campbell in Ohio. The latter retired to serve as a Gorman campaigner, and thereupon the resolute Brice stepped forward and withstood to himself and away from Cleveland over a score of the Buckeye delegation.

Some of these "favorite sons" refused to be thus favored. Others enlisted for the anti-Cleveland war.

Gorman took a strong coterie to Chicago. Hernandez Money, Senator-elect from Kentucky, with 20,000 white silk badges, with Gorman's vignette in gold, thereupon abetted by suitable statements, such as:

"NO FORCE BILL."
"ALWAYS A WINNER."
General Catchings, of Mississippi, was there for Gorman. Many others came also to the aid and comfort of the Maryland Talleymore, who, after having been elected to the Republican party, and in spite of themselves, save something of reputation for candor and fair dealing for the very men who are now urging him to prostitute his office to their selfish ends, if he will proceed in making his appointments and in the further discharge of his official functions with no consideration for parties or for factions, but only with a conscientious regard for the public good. This is Colonel Lyman's splendid opportunity.

And this is the way in which the Albany correspondent of the same paper describes Colonel Lyman's actions on his first day in office:

Mr. Lyman's administration of the Excise Department started badly. The good record he won as State Fish and Game Commissioner after vanishing in twenty-four hours.

The cause of this sudden shrinkage of Mr. Lyman in public esteem here was his hurried departure last evening for New York to see Thomas C. Platt, in response evidently to a demand from that self-confident boss of the Republican party that he should come to New York and tell what would be his policy as head of the Excise Department.

When was ever shown a more melancholy spectacle of a politician's brutal indifference to a venerable organ of the party?

The advance agents of posterity we always have with us.

McKinley may be a logical candidate, but Reed is a much better logician.

Apart from the logic of the case, and even upon the ground that its action is influenced by the esprit de corps, there is no good reason why the British Medical Journal should sustain Dr. Playfair in his contention that his infamous betrayal of the confidence of his patient was in any sense justifiable.

Even if his denunciation of his lady patient was founded in truth—which nobody now believes—his action is sufficient to stamp him as a disgrace to any profession, and one who should not be allowed to associate with honorable men. It is a fair assumption that a man who will betray a confidence will tell a lie, and the natural conclusion is that Dr. Playfair has done both. The respectability of his social circle must be of very slim material if it required the betrayal of professional secrets in order to keep it intact. The ear of the honorable physician is the confessional of his patients, and their confidences should be as sacred as those between the penitent and the Church. It is gratifying to reflect upon the fact that but one journal of standing has taken up the cudgels in behalf of Dr. Playfair, who is condemned alike by professional men and laymen.

Cleveland Declination of a Third Term.

Washington, April 2.—Those within the inner temples of Democracy know that Cleveland has written a letter declining a nomination for a third term. Lamont is the high priest in immediate charge of this missive. It may not be used; the bubbling third term enthusiasm may not bubble enough to bring about its publication. It will be withheld until the clamor of third term circumstances calls it forth.

Cleveland has said nothing in sober authority on this subject of a third term. As a personal fact, he would like four more White House years full well. Grant's aphorism of office clutching, "Few die, none resign," holds as well with Presidents as with men on the lower rungs of eminence. Grant's own said third term sortie when Garfield was finally named might be cited in proof.

That four years more would not fatigue the President to the point of exhaustion, beyond declaration of such honor is known by the unheeded discussion of a third term propriety by those near to Cleveland both in person and political counsel.

Lamont has always been free with reasons why a third term was a meet and excellent thing. Morton and others of the Cabinet have had—and have still—at tip of tongue a list of pleasant conditions, the occurrence of any one of which would make a third term decidedly the thing.

There is a fatal flaw in the gamut of the possible from a burly deficit to a foreign war. Thurbur, the volatile, light of mental waist, has gabbled much and chatteringly of the beauty of a third term. In his weakness and his wrath Thurbur has paused betimes in his door opening long enough to shrilly carp at Campbell, of Ohio, and anon at Mills, of Texas, for that these eminent Democrats had declared against third termism in their terms. Thurbur is a faithful soul. His vision, however, has boundaries. But even Thurbur sees that his wardship ends with the coming of a new President. When the Marine Band plays "Hail to the Chief" on the coming day of March Thurbur will be arranging trunk checks and Pullman tickets for Detroit. This may or may not serve to promote Thurbur's views touching a third term.

But what has been said by Lamont and Morton and Thurbur in favor of "another term" would be of itself unimportant. It is the fact that they spoke without restraint that makes their words worth quotation. Their talk was unchallenged and their views unbridled, because Cleveland was willing to have it so. He wants a third term just as some horse might want a third term in a clover field. That he has written a letter declining is because he has given up hope. That it is not at once flung to the public eye comes from the fact that currents and tides and winds may change. The chance is slight, but after all a third term may be an offering come to hand. Cleveland would not close the door on this slim last chance.

And so it transpires that to-day, wanting a third term with hardly the spark of hope of getting it, Cleveland has written a letter of declination not to be published till called for.

In the quietude of a present Democratic day one is forced to recall the bustle and the contending stir four years ago. Gorman was at the helm, and the White House fever. He had called on the favorite sons in all directions to stand forward. In Madison Avenue, Hill in New York, McPherson in New Jersey, Ferguson in Pennsylvania, and in Kentucky, Galt, in Indiana, Palmer in Illinois, Boies in Iowa, Campbell in Ohio. The latter retired to serve as a Gorman campaigner, and thereupon the resolute Brice stepped forward and withstood to himself and away from Cleveland over a score of the Buckeye delegation.

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An Easter Greeting To Journal Readers.

Some time ago a brave woman went to Cuba for the purpose of telling the Journal readers about the revolution there in progress. Tomorrow she will devote a chapter to the war in its relation to Cuban women, explaining the strong influence that they wield in the struggle for independence, and picturing them as the real power behind the insurgent forces. This is a new view, and an essentially feminine one, of a war that interests every one in this country.

Ever since the settlement of this country men have longed to go over Niagara Falls, and many a valuable life has been sacrificed in attempts to descend that greatest of all cataraacts. In next Sunday's Journal you will see that it is possible to go over Niagara Falls in perfect safety, for a writer who has made a thorough study of the subject will fully explain his theory.

The American school mistress has always been regarded as the very embodiment of physical courage, executive ability and earning, if not of gentleness. Her combats with aggressive village bullies and exasperating small boys have served as a theme for more than one writer of fiction; nor can it be denied that she has left her mark on every generation of Americans since the beginning of our present public school system. Much is expected of the Yankee school mistress, and it is seldom denied that her achievement far short of the ideal that we have formed of her. Here comes one of the pluckiest school teachers that you have ever heard of. She fought a duel with a bear a short time ago, and the Journal will tell all about it next Sunday.

Can a leopard change its spots? No, but a writer in next Sunday's Journal believes that human character can be changed, and he proposes to explain the way in which a bad man can be changed into a saint, or a good man turned into a fiend incarnate. According to this writer, Jekyll and Hyde could have been made to change places, and the inmates of a penitentiary could have been turned into so many church deacons and philanthropists with very little trouble. You can not well afford to miss this article in the beautiful Easter number of the Journal.

Another writer has prepared a blood-curdling description of one of the most awful corners of the earth—a place in which a man finds himself possessed with a ceaseless thirst; a thirst which will amount of water that he can drink will ever quench. In this place the thirsty one finds himself surrounded by every sort of venomous snake and insect that the mind can conceive of. Rattlesnakes sun themselves in his path. Scorpions creep into the folds of his blanket. Every rock conceals its nest of slimy serpents that would fain bury their poison as fangs in his shuddering flesh. Gustave Dore would have found here a marvellous field for the exercise of his extraordinary gifts. Remember, that a full description of this place will be found in next Sunday's Journal.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the splendora of the issue which we are preparing for next Sunday. We have mentioned here a scant half-dozen of the special features that will make that number one of the most interesting that has ever been published in New York. Of one thing, however, rest assured. The Easter Journal will be a publication that you cannot afford to miss, and if you want it, send your order to-day. It will be ready by to-morrow on Sunday morning. You will not find one in a New York newsstand. Order it to-day, if possible, and then you will be sure of getting it.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

William McKinley's mail at present is an epistolary crazy quilt. He receives hundreds of letters a day from all parts of the country, and the curious nature of some of the letters would furnish him with much amusement if he had time to dwell upon them. One man in Utah wrote to McKinley recently asking for the position of Minister to England if the latter should be elected President.

The Cur of Russia is not a contented man. He never looked forward with satisfaction to occupying a throne, and the cares and dangers of his present position fret him greatly. Added to his usual burdens are the countless annoyances that are connected with his approaching coronation. The Cur has a fairly well-balanced disposition, but it is said he has been growing thin, testy and touchy of late.

The Secretary of War has appointed Major-General A. McD. McCook, retired, and Major George P. Scriven, Signal Corps, to represent the United States at the coronation of the Czar. Major Scriven is military attaché of the United States Legation at Rome. General McCook is in Paris at present.

The Princess of Wales, to the great discomfort of whoever may be acting as the maid-in-waiting, never puts herself at ease in travelling. Hour after hour she retains a bolt upright position, and never thinks of removing her bonnet or lying down. She attributes the habit to her rigid upbringing, and in speaking of it recently said to a friend: "We were never allowed to lie down during the daytime when we were children for fear of making ourselves fat. I have been so accustomed to the habit now that I should never dream of removing my bonnet while on a journey."

At Midnight.
[From the German of Morike.]
Now might hath reigned o'er the land
And touched all eyes with moonen wand.
And men and eves from her dim count see
At twilight in golden balance
Meanwhile, upon time's vast and wondrous sea,
The white waves sing an ever weary glee.
O day that is to be,
The new and untired day.

The old, old lullaby of sleep,
The mounds it has, her dreams are deep;
But on the welkin's eyeless top of blue,
She hears the beating hours rung out anew,
Even when upon eternity's broad sea,
The waves are singing merrily.

O day that is to be,
The new and untired day.

Willing to Black Up.
[Detroit News-Tribune.]
As for General Harrison, he does not pretend to be a dark horse, but he is doubtless willing to black up, should emergency arise.

Friends with Hands.
[Washington Post.]
Mr. Harrison is a number of friends who will know just what to do in case he should place himself in their hands.

More Kansas Philosophy.
[Attention Globe.]
Every man wishes for danger when a pretty woman refers to him as her protector.

James Is Foiled Again.
[Washington Post.]
The Mayor's Cincinnati reputation to receive Jim Corbett in his New York home preferred the Jim should get a reputation by meeting smaller towns.

"No Bric-a-Brac." A Brooklyn Tale.

An order has been issued by an official of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad Company that hereafter the young women employed as station agents must keep their little, cage-like offices free from bric-a-brac. The offices must all be restored to their original bleak, ribbonless condition. The order has created great excitement all along the line, and yesterday morning some of the things were in tears and I-I smiled. With friend Joshy I gazed at the forlorn countenance of my ticket agent and I smiled with delight.

I once felt a deep interest in that girl. She sells tickets at the particular station on the Fifth Avenue road where I miss my train every morning, and when she is not busy arranging her hair or cooking a small supper for her lunch she chats very pleasantly.

It seems but a month ago—yet it surely must be a year—that I found her one morning actually in her place behind the little opening with nothing to do but to sell tickets. And a wonderful change had come over the whole interior of the station.

"The mean things!" she exclaimed, when she saw that I had missed the train, "they've made me take all my things out of the office, and I've just got to look at these horrid boards all day long. I'm going to leave."

I sympathized with her and implored her not to leave, for I had not yet finished telling her how Rome came to fall. She did not leave. She stayed.

A few mornings later I noticed a diminutive mirror fastened to the wire screen in front of my ticket agent. She seemed worried.

"Do you think they'll mind a little bit of a thing like that? I must have been telling you, you know, because my hair gets all mussed in this place. I guess they won't mind."

I assured her that they couldn't possibly mind.

"Then I guess I'll fix it up," said she. "Fishing up!" I learned the next day, when she was sickening a pink box on the top, a blue box at the bottom, red plush faced in each corner and a piece of wide silk ribbon bearing an amazing monogram pendling from the whole thing. The little mirror was "fixed up."

"Is this the nineteenth or the twentieth?" she asked several days later. I did not know.

"There," she said, triumphantly, "I must have a calendar. I'm all mixed up in my dates. I wonder whether they'll mind."

She is very interesting when she is mixed up in her dates. I assured her that they wouldn't mind. The next day she had a calendar, and the day after that the calendar was "fixed up."

"Of course," she said, "they don't object to my keeping a comb and a brush, but it's so annoying when you've got to keep them on the floor, and you always lose your hairpins. I must—get—a-box!"

She said this firmly. The next day she had a box. It was already "fixed up."

As I look back over the past year with all its sorrows and disappointments the step from a bric-a-brac box for a brush, comb and hairpins to a portable cooking stove seems most extraordinary. Yet when she told me that the stove was the necessary complement to the box and that the company really couldn't object to it because it was such a cunning little stove, I remember that it struck me as being the most natural step in the world.

"Of course," she said, "I'm not going to leave it like this. As soon as I go out shopping I'll get a new one and put it in front of the stove. People stare so!"

Who would think of having a portable oil stove without a screen? Of course, the stove could not be "fixed up," but, to be sure, there was the screen.

It was the stove that came between us. I pass in sorrow over the clock, the bookstand, the little library, the curtains, the pictures of cherubs, the lavender, the poppy, the footstool, the artificial flowers, the Japanese lanterns that were never lit and a horde of other things. I linger at the stove.

It is one of those portable stoves in which you can fry only one egg at a time, and it seemed to take her all the morning to prepare her lunch. She lost all interest in Rome. The decline and fall of that wonderful empire was nothing to her. She was either warming coffee or frying eggs.

One day I was in a hurry and ran up the stairs two at a time to catch the train I was coming. The man ahead of me caught it, but I—the coffee had begun to boil over. "You caused me to miss that train," I said, in a tone of gentle reprimand.

With great pride she gazed at her new clock and said:

"There'll be another in eight minutes." The anonymous entreaty to the few minutes' tardiness that day made me callous. The very next morning I tapped impatiently on the wire screen. The train was rumbling along the platform. She looked up from her eggs.

"Hello!" she said, gayly. "Please drop those eggs and give me a ticket," I said, grimly. "I'm in a hurry."

With a look of reproach that I shall never forget she laid down a fork, took my nickel and gave me a ticket. I missed the train. When I returned to her cage to take up the reign of Thetis at the point where we had left it two days before, I encountered an almost overpowering odor of burnt eggs.

She looked up—oh, the coldness of her glance!—and then she calmly scraped the black mass that had once been eggs from her little pan, threw them into the stove, and, resigning herself to the pangs of hunger, began to read. She has never spoken to me since.

Do you wonder that the new order makes me smile? **RUDOLPH E. BLOCK.**

A Hint of Reasoning.
[Detroit News-Tribune.]
It is reported that Paderewski carried the women of Chicago off their feet. Almost anybody could carry them if they were off their feet.

A Baseball Item.
[Detroit News-Tribune.]
Those who are interested in observing a candidate who does not dodge, will notice that Governor Morton is folding all the hot ones that come into his garden.

Should Give Us a Clew.
[Detroit News-Tribune.]
In his effort to take the nation out of politics Mr. Platt will, of course, not neglect to apprise already drinkers and others as to where it may hereafter be found.

The Unhappy Favorite Son.
[Detroit News-Tribune.]
These are the times when the average favorite son presses his hand to his brow and wonders if he has any yard, after all.

A Certainty.
[Kansas City Journal.]
The only thing definitely known about the Cabinet of the next President is that William E. Chandler will not be in it.

Populistic Uncertainty.
[Detroit News-Tribune.]
It accounts the Populists were uncertain as to draw the fangs of the power out a filling of some sort.

The Gossip of London.

London, March 21.—Especially for Americans is the grand new Hotel Cecil about to be opened on the Thames Embankment the only beautiful thoroughfare in America the only beautiful thoroughfare in America. It is all ready for the April opening. It is next door to the Savoy, and close to Charing Cross, the place where Rudyard Kipling says a man is certain to meet every one he knows, if only he waits there patiently. The Cecil, named for Salisbury's family, whose city seat once occupied the site, is the largest caravansary in Europe, and has 700 bedrooms and 300 public rooms for its visitors. It began as a project of Jabez Balfour and has been completed for the benefit of those who repose their faith and dollars in him and his schemes. The leading director is set down as Viscount Hardinge, but I hear more of John Anson as a vigorous and executive director than of any of the others. Under Mr. Anson is Mr. William J. Wilson, who will be remembered as of the staff of the Coleman House at Asbury Park, N. J. He went to America to learn the vast secret, "how to run a hotel." In one departure he has gone a step ahead of American enterprise, for he has invented the idea of issuing a monthly magazine, called St. Cecilia, for gratuitous distribution among the visitors to the hotel. It will give them portraits of distinguished visitors, social gossip and biographical information about themselves, and will be filled with other information of value to those who are new to London. It felt that it is a criticism upon the management for me to add that these facts I come to the end of all that is to be either English or American about the palatial new hotel. I believe it would have been a mistake to make it American, anything else than pure English, and that we come here to get; but the management aims to make it French. The most important man in the running of the house is Mr. G. P. Bertini, who was once with Delmonico, and who, while at the Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, earned the name of "the Joseph of London." He will give the kitchen, dining-rooms and menus a wholly French flavor, and I am told that only chambermaids who can speak French will be employed. The clerks behind the desk are also, I hear, to be of Gaelic extraction. It may work well, but as an American, I should want either an American or an English staff at my hotel in London, and as for the chambermaids, since the English and the French are the most modest, most picturesque and most comfortable objects "to have around" have yet been produced in Europe, it seems like a mistake to substitute an inferior article for them, especially since, as one of my friends puts it, "you may be sure if they get girls in England who can speak French, they will not be able to do any thing else."

The second great poster show at the Royal Aquarium, which was opened last night, was really very well worth seeing. Parts of three walls of the huge amusement building were covered by the wall prints of America, Austria, France, Germany, Holland, Spain, England and Japan. America had a great space by itself for the eighty-three posters from our country, but they were not advertisements of books, newspapers and magazines, and while some were as artistically excellent as any in the exhibition, others were literally atrocious. Pyle, Abbey,